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The Bee.

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BRANCE BARBER SHOP in Sandy Hook, opened every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon emboy next to the Post Office.

THE COMING DAY.

One day the broad bright sun will rise Unseen, unfelt by me, And shed his golden glory down O'er all the land and see;

While I with hands crossed o'er my breast, Shall lie in pescetul, sileut rest. And friends will come with texr-dimmed eyes And gaze in sadness on my face, And whisper works of sweet farewell,

Before they lay me n my resting place; While on my still, cold lips will rain Their kisses given not back again. And in my f. Ided hands they'll place The flowers I loved, in life, so well ;

But all their fragrant, sweet perfume, Will wake no glad response to tell How much I closed in their lovely bloom Their fragrance dies this side the tomb! And 'nest's the lilles in the well-leved vale Th vill lay me down with aching hearts But, lying peac-fully there at rest, I shall not feel their hearts' deer, smarts; And not a sigh will reach my ears-

An I I shall never know. Oh, selfish thought! How oft their fond bearts yearn for me. My heart will know no aching void When I have crossed the Mystic Sea; My bark reposing far rway At suchor, on that Coming Day !

Un ocn by me will fall their bitter tears.

Selecie Storics

The Ghost Story.

TOLD BY THE FARMER.

It was years ago, I was a young man then, and worked for vages on my uncle's farm, which was located near where Springfield avenue now crosses the Union county line in South Orange township. Things were different then from what exist now. That section of the country was more remote from "town," there being no horse or steam railroad in use, and so means of transportation except the lumbering country wagon; and the appliances for farming were of the most primitive character. Of course none of you know much about farming inplements and their uses or take much interest in them, so I speak only in a general way of the changes brought about in agriculture by modern invention, and their effect in altering the character of

the enral sections of our State About a mile from our farm there was a large, old-fashioned stone house that had been built away back in Revolutionary times, and was considered to be the most pretentious structure in that part of the country. It had been occupied for one or two generations by the family of the original owner; but in some way passed into the possession o' a foreigner, Frenchman, who brought his young wife to live there, and avoided all in tercourse with his neighbors.

That was when I was yet a mere boy A foreigner, and particularly a Frenchman was a novelty in the neighborhood at that time, and with the exclusive ways of the strangers the simple folks then stood in some awe of them, although there was the natural curiosity of country people to learn something of their history and character and their ways of living. They had two servants, both French, who could not speak a word of our language, and they employed a farmer and several bands to take care of the farm, and who lived in a farm-house which stood some distance from the main dwelling.

It was little the farmer or his hands could learn of the strange people, and why they had come there to live, and what little they knew was of cours freely cemmunicated to the neighbors. The farmer went to the house but rarely, and while there was treated with the utmost formality by the master, Dupanloup was his name being only too glad to get away when the business which called him had

been gotten through with. Upon these rare visits he very seldom met the wife, and then only at a distance. She was a woman quite young in years, while her husband was apparently tifty. It struck the farmer that she could not be happy, for her face seemed always, when he beheld it, clouded and melancholy; and this fact was remarked by our people generally when occasionally the couple were met siding abroad in a large green looking carriage which they brought with them when they first came to the place.

One day, it was in Winter time, without any warning except only a sudden settlement with the farmer and a positiontion that he might till the land for his own use until he acceived word from the owner, the house was closed and the doors and windows nalled up, and that night, at a late hour, the green-looking ing lighter; that the darkness was grad-

no more.

furnished a theme for conversation at grew stronger. mony a Winter fireside; but as time wore was only casually alluded to at times ever return and re-open the old stone

house. I have said I was a young man at the years after the strangers had gone away. In all that time the house had been left undisturbed, and the windows and doors were as tightly scaled as upon the day said, in a shaking voice,

when the Deparloups went away. I was courting a girl at the time and saw it locming up in the darkness that a coward, either, and I could not understand why I was affected so; but shudder I did whenever I passed it after dark, and I could not reason myself out of the

One night I had been visiting my girl

glanced around for some place of shelter when the thought occured to me "Why not spend the night in the stone house?" At any other time I think I would nive shrank from such a thing, with the feeling I had about that house, but just ; then it suited my half-savage mind, and, rain from my face, I can toward the house. Reaching the front of the build ing through the neglected garden, I looked about for some means of entrance. It was plain that I should have to use some shutters, and, raising the eash, I vaulted

into the darkness within, At that moment I slid not experience the slightest sense of fear. The storm was growing more violent, and as I stood there hunting in my pockets for the means to strike a light 1 congratulated myself upon the shelter I had secured. I was pleased further to find that two large half-burned candles stood in their candlesticks on the mantel, and lighting

The furniture was all there, but covered tured thus far I became possessed with the fancy to explore the house; so taking the lighted candle I opened the door into the hall and proceeded on a tour of investigation. I passed through the was apparently as the occupants had left them upon going away. Then 1 ascended to the upper floor, and was possing through the hallway to the first bedroom, when I functed I heard a light step behind me. I turned my head quickly, and at that momen's gust of air, coming I knew not whence, blew my

Just then I heard a sound that made a cold chill creep over me. It was a deep drawn sigh, almost at my elbow. I stood still, not able to move a step, and heard the sound repeated. There was no mistaking it, somebody, whether mortal or immortal, had uttered that sound, and I was not alone in the house. I was never superstitious, and my mind was never clearer than at the moment I heard that step and that unearthly sigh, and when the realization of my position rushed over me, there alone in that strange house, afar from help, and lacing I knew not what, in an impenetrable darkness, I was almost overcome Finally, summoning up all my courage, I

"Who is here? I come for shelter and I mean no harm."

For answer there was again, that sigh, the breath of which seemed to touch my face with the deadly chill of a charnel Louse. Then as I stood there, rooted to the spot and unable to speak again, starbeyond me, I noticed that it was becom-

carriage was driven off toward Newark, | wally disappearing before a strange, | and, thrusting my head out into the rain and the neighborhood saw the strangers creamy light that presently filled all the space before me, and then I became con-Of course there was a good deal of talk scious of the outlines of a figure which and speculation about the matter, and it | grew more and more distinct as the light

It was the figure of a young and beauon the subject gradually dropped, and titul woman in her night-dress. There she stood, her tace turned toward me, with the wonder if the Duj anloups would | and deadly pale, and | her eyes had an expression so gentle and so appealing that, although I knew I stood in the presence of no mortal being, some of the time it happened, and that was about two blood returned to my heart and some thing like courage or desperation nerved me to speak :

"What do you want, poor lady?" I

She looked at me earnestly, and then pointing down the stains motioned me to she lived nearly two miles from my followher. Lobeyed mechanically for uncle s farm, a mile or so in an almost she seemed then to take possession of a y direct line beyond the stone house I will. Down the states size walked, or have been speaking of. Frequently in rather floated, and I followed in a sort going to see her I would take short cuts of stupor. We passed through the lower the city, and would pass within a stone's throw hall, and she led me into a door which I of the house. I remember that I never had not noticed, leading into a cellar passed the vicinity of that house and beneath. Down the cellar stairs she preceded me, and the strange light ac-I did not involuntarily shudder. I wasn't | companied us, and made every object wisible.

It was a cemented collar, and there vet remained several casks of wine and a number of other things in use by the been able to go faster." last tenants. My uncaribly conductor led me past all these to a remote part as usual and left her house after tweive of the cellar, where she suidenly paused o'clock, after having indulged in the and, pointing to one corner, turned her lexury of a lovers' quarrel. I took the face to me with that appealing look I usual route home, feeling savage and had first noticed upon it. Then a scream resentiui, and half wishing I could find that pierced the very marrow of my somebody or something to vent my spices | hones rang through the celler, the light upon. Just b fore I neared the stone and the figure vanished, and I fell senseless on the comented floor of the cellar. It was broad day light when I returned

house a violent storm came up and I to consciousness, and some of the beams of the sun struggled into the cellar. I staggered up the stairs, and managed to crawl out the window into the open air. where I sat down for some time to coilect my reason. With one thing I bemy adventure was not a mere dream, and the more I thought the more cornest became my belief that some dark mystery was connected with the vision, which it was my duty to clear up. I remembered violent means to get in; so after honting | the last thing that occurred before I bearound found a spale, with which I came unconscious, and I determined to quickly forced open one of the window summon help, and investigate the se- lor. I began to grow a little nervous crets of that celler.

Feeling strong again, and filled with this determination, I went directly to the house of the farmer who tilled the land belonging to the absent owner of the house. He readily accompanied me back to the cellar. I remember now with what feverish energy I cut away the cement in the corner which the presence one of them I took a survey of the room. had pointed out to me, and dog into the It was what we call the best room, in soil beneath. The result justified my the country, but more richly funished expectations. We had not gone for bethan these I had been accustomed to. fore we struck a long box, which we brought as soon as possible to the surwith dust of two years. Having you face and opened, and there we beheld. well-preserved and retaining still the lineaments of life, the body of a young

WORREST. "It is the Frenchman's wife" ex claimed the farmer, starting back horower rooms and noticed that everything ros-stricken. "Oh, what a nameless crime has been hidden here all these two

"Well, the affair caused a mighty big sensation about these parts." said the f amer, "but Dupanloop never turned up again, and nothing was ever learned as to how the poor buly came by her death except that a knife wound, out of which went her heart's blood, was revealed in her breast. She was given Christian burial, and the property soon passed into the hands of New York par-

ties who held a morigage on it." "Do you mean to say that such a thing actually happened?" demanded the uncommunicative man, suddenly.

"Why, of course," returned the farm-

er, with a smile. "It's the biggest lie I ever heard in all my life," said the uncommunicative man and then he relapsed into mo. dy silence. - Sunday Call.

A Doctor's Story.

I am a doctor. I live in London, and in one of the most crowded localities I had been in my present abode twoyears, and had never had a patient from the more aristocratic circles, when one night, about 2.30, I was startled by a violent ring at my bell, and having just got to bed after a hard day's work ing with dilating eyes into the deraness I can't say the summens was a very

agreeable one. However, I ran to my window at once

cried, "Who's there?"

A voice answered, "Only Ldoctor, It's an urgent case. Please come down to the door,"

Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year

I hurried on some clothes, sped down stairs and opened the door. There stood in the full light of the hall lamp, an eld-

erly lady dressed in mourning. She put out the smallest of hands is a fine black kid glove, and said pitoously:

"Are you the doctor ?" "Yes," I replied.

"Then come with me," she said. Don't delay. It's life or death. Come." I hurried on my overcout, caught up my umbrella, and offering my arm to the lady, walked down the street with her.

"You must be my guide, anadam," I said. "I do not know where you live." She instantly gave me a street and number that surprised me still more. It was in a tolerably aristocratic quarter of

"Who is ill, madam?" I inquired, "a grown person or a child?" "A young lady-my daughter," she

said.

"Suddenly ?" "Yes, suddenly," she answered. "Do you keep a brougham? You should have had it out if you do. We would have

"I keep no conveyance," I replied. "Perhaps you are poor," she said, ea-

"Certainly not rich," I said.

"Cure her and I will make you zich," she said, in a sort of suppressed shrick. "Cure her, and I will give you snything you ask. I don't care for money. I am rolling in gold. Cure her and I will shower it upon you." "You are excited, madam," I said.

Pray be calm." "Calm !" she said-"calm ! that you

don't know a mother's heart." We had reached the street she had indicated, and were at the door of the house. The old lady ascended the steps and pulling my hat over my eyes to keep the | became impressed; I was convinced that | opened the door with a latch-key. A light burned in the hall; another in one of the parlors, the furniture of which was draped and shrouded in white linen.

"Wait bere, sir, if you please," she

said, as she led me into one of these, I waited what I thought a most unreas onable length of time in that gloomy parwhen a stout, red-faced little woman bustled into the room

"I beg your pardon, " she said, in a singular tone, such as one who had committed a speech to memory might .use: "but my missus-the lady who brought to the scene of my adventures, and you here-is very nervous, and needlessly armed with a spade and ax we descended alarmed. She begs your acceptance of the customary fee, and there is no need of your services." Thus speaking she handed me a guinea,

courtesied, and opened the door for me.

I bowed, expressed my pleasure that the patient was better, and departed. It was a queer kind of adventure - box rather amusing than otherwise; besides I

had a good fee. I rose early next morning, and paid a couple of visits before breakfast. Returning, to my astonishment, I found sitting in my consulting room the lady of the night before. She rose as I entered.

"What must you think of me?" she

said. "But no matter, My daughter is

very dear to u.e. and I have heard of

your skill. She is worse again. Can you call some time to-day, as early as possible, at my house." "I will be there in an hour," I said.

The lady took out her purse. "I am an old-fashioned woman," she said "I retain my old fashioned habits. In my days the doctor received his fee on the spot. It was in ordinary cases a guinea. Will you receive it now?"

I did not know what to say, but she laid the money on the table and departed. I ate my breakfast, and having dressed myself carefully, made my way to the old lady's house. I knocked and the door was opened by the stout female who had dismissed me the night before.

"The doctor," I said, by way of explanation. "Ah ?" said she. "Has missus called

you in again ?" "Yes," I answered. "There is no need, I assure you, sie," she said, "I can't really ask you in. There's no one ill here. It is a whim of missus'. I'm a better judge of lliness

than she. No need of a doctor." I left the house, of course, partly in dudgeon, partly in amazement. Three weeks passed by, when, lo! the old lady called again.

She walked into my consulting room, dressed as before, as greatly agitated, as curefully polite. (Continued on fourth page,)